



## SWEET REVENGE

BY  
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CHAPTER III.  
A DEFINITE OBJECT.

"W"hen this unlucky wound never healed? True, it did, and I, who should be up and doing, am caged within the limits of its inclosure. This was my complaint as I paced my room one morning shortly after the accidental reopening of my wound. My impatience was not without cause. I had gone south, as I have said, with two objects—to find my enemy and to gather information. I had failed in finding my enemy, but had gained a complete knowledge of the points essential to the capture of north Alabama and was carrying it to the general on the day I was shot. It had occurred to me before setting out that, after finishing my military mission, I might still wish to continue my search for my enemy. Besides, there were other contingencies, such as attack of fluens, which needed to be provided for. I had therefore arranged that the general's favorite scout should be at Huntsville on the morning of the 1st of April to receive any communication. I might find it necessary to transmit. If I was prevented from meeting him, I was to send a messenger and had devised a code of signals by which he might be recognized. The appointed day was drawing near, I was not able to keep my appointment, and there was no one at hand to whom I could intrust the message.

I chafed till I had exhausted my small store of strength, then threw myself on my couch. Little Ethel came in and, like a soft ray of sunlight breaking through stormclouds, turned my thoughts into gentler channels. She held in her hand a bouquet of flowers which, it was easy to see, she intended for me, but needed encouragement to offer. I finally induced her to do so and to admit that she had been out a long while looking for them for me especially. I tried to untie her tongue, to induce her to confide in me, but in spite of all I could do she remained shy, and there was ever present that awe she had shown before of one who had taken a life.

"Why do you look at me in that way?" I asked. She made no reply, casting down her eyes at my brown hand, which held her attempted fingers.

"You mustn't dread me because I am obliged to fight," I continued. "These are war times. There are a great many soldiers in the land who think nothing of killing one another."

"Don't they?" She raised her eyes, wide open with surprise.

"Of course war is cruel, but—but it calls out a nobility that is noble."

"When they kill each other?"

"What puzzling questions to come from such untutored lips! I was casting about for some explanatory reply when a sudden interruption relieved my embarrassing position. A negro boy dashed into the room, through it and out of another door. He was followed by the white boy I had noticed on the day of my arrival, who was screaming:

"Doggone yo, Zae; I'll break every bone in yo' consarned black body!"

The words were scarcely out when he shot through the door by which the fugitive had vanished. Little Ethel looked after him with frightened eyes, evidently dreading a catastrophe.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Buck."

"Your brother?"

"Yes."

"Don't be alarmed. That's only a boy's passion. It won't amount to anything."

"He says such dreadful words."

"That's habit. He doesn't mean anything by it. But it's a habit that should be broken."

I seen got her quieted, and she prattled about her dolls, her playhouses, some pet rabbits and a nook in the garden where she kept them. How singular that war, which absorbed all about her, should have no place in her mind. Amid all the turmoil, the rattle of cannon, the tramp of men and horses, the whacking of sabres, the clashing of bayonets, this innocent little maid was strangely out of place. Her mother came in presently and took her away, feeling that she would annoy me. I was loath to part with her. No need to be loath had been applied to my wound so soothing, so grateful, as was her gentle touch when I lay on my back.

"They had scarcely left me when Buck stalked into the room, his boyish face as free from passion as if he had never been ruffled. He had made several attempts to visit me, notwithstanding that he had been forbidden the room. Seeing the coast clear, he slipped in unannounced and began a fire of questions.

"Does it hurt?"

"My arm? Yes, it hurts some."

"I'm glad yo' plinked him."

"Why do you sympathize with me instead of the other? You have only seen me a few times."

"This was too much for him to explain. I could see that he had conceived an admiration for me, but he could not tell why.

"What did he say to you?" he asked.

"Well, perhaps it was because my existence annoyed him."

"What did he say to you?" he asked.

"I found it inconvenient to have him stopping at me."

"I'd like to shoot a man. I shot a rabbit once, but that's pretty small game. Pop, he won't let me have a gun yet. He says I may have one when I'm 16."

"A good deal better now. It is unpleasant to have a person die on one's hands."

I was in no condition for this encounter. A boozing was going on in the room, a drinking contest in my

yo' hear from him the gentleman. Come out o' durt! I knows whar yo' at!" I was about to interfere, but a natural dislike at giving away a fellow creature caused me to desist.

"I thought I heard dat chile talkin." The woman stood still a moment, but, hearing no sound, lumbered out of the room. The boy popped up from his hiding place as soon as she had gone.

"I like yo," were the first words he uttered. "Yo' wouldn't tell on a feller, would yo'?"

"How could I when you are glad I plinked my enemy? Is that your manner?"

"Yes; that's Lib's."

"Nursed you from a baby?"

"Yes, an she reckons she's goin to nurse me all my life."

"In your name Buckingham?"

"Buckingham? No; I ain't got any such doggone name as that! My name's Buckers."

"How did you happen to get that name?"

"'Cause I was borned that."

"Where?"

"In Buckeye."

"In Ohio?"

"Reckon 'tis the same."

I contemplated Buck for awhile without hearing any of the questions he continued to fire at me. Why not trust him with the message? There was every reason why I should not do so except that he was devoted to me and I had no one else to send. While I was deliberating Lib came in, surprised him, dragged him out of the room and shut the door.

I heard footsteps on the veranda, then in the hall, then ascending the staircase, as if of people carrying a burden. The door had evidently been shut to prevent my seeing what was being done. But awhile there was a hurrying to and fro, and I knew that something unusual had occurred. After all had been quieted Buck, who had meanwhile escaped from his dusky captor, slipped back to forbidden ground.

It occurred to me that I could draw from Buck the solution of the recent commotion, but what passed under the roof of my friends was no concern of mine, and I scorned to get it from a mere boy. But I wished to test Buck's

power of reticence. Ten to one he had been instructed not to talk to me about the mysterious occurrence.

"Buck," I asked, "who came to the house awhile ago?"

"Wasn't nobody come to the house awhile ago."

"A sick man, wasn't it?"

"No, he wasn't sick."

"I thought you said no one came?"

"No one did."

"Of course no one came; he was carried."

"If yo' know so much about it, Mr. Brandystone, what's the use of askin me?"

"You admit that whoever he was he wasn't sick?"

"Of course he wasn't sick. How could he be sick if he wasn't nobody?"

There was a sudden rustling in the hall, and Helen swept into the room, her eyes flashing fire.

"Buck, leave the room!" she commanded in no uncertain tone. Buck gave a glance at his sister, which told him he had better obey, and walked out reluctantly.

"You have been listening," I said curtly.

"I have not. I was coming through the hall and heard your last remark."

"And you infer that I was trying to get a secret which does not at all concern me?"

"I most assuredly do."

"You are mistaken. I care no more for what occurs in this house than for the color of the dress you happen to wear. I had another object in questioning your brother."

"I dare say you had."

"I wished to discover if he could keep a secret."

"I dare say you did."

"I have intended nothing dishonorable."

"Fudge!" She snapped her fingers and her eyes at the same time.

"You don't believe me. Very well, I don't believe that you were not eavesdropping."

"I was not eavesdropping," she cried hotly. "You have the word of a southern lady."

"And I was not trying to get your secret. You have the word of a—"

I stopped short. I had run against a snare. She gave me a glance of contempt and triumph. Her head was up, a little to one side, her nostrils dilated, her breath slow and measured.

"Miss Stanforth," I said—I was betraying what I demanded secrecy—I will prove to you before night—no, not before night, but soon—that I had another object. I will no longer remain in a house the inmates of which—I made a step toward the door.

"Mr. Brandystone?"

"Miss Stanforth?"

"In addition to calling under false colors you are now coming to endanger your life by—"

"Fudge! What is my life to you?" I snapped my fingers.

"A good deal just now. It is unpleasant to have a person die on one's hands."

I was in no condition for this encounter. A boozing was going on in the room, a drinking contest in my

man. My senses were giving way, and I was obliged to sit down on the sofa. I looked longingly at a bottle of brandy that stood on the table, but was too proud to ask for it. In a moment Helen had poured some of the liquor into a tumbler and held it to my lips. I drank a reviving draft. She put her hands on my shoulders and gently forced me to lie down.

"This must not occur again," she said. "You have no strength to go, and I have no right to excite you while in your present condition. I believe what you told me." She put out her hand.

"Fardon," I said humbly. "When calm, I would as soon think of accusing you of eavesdropping as I would accuse him of mischievousness. I have been ungovernable, rude—to a woman."

"Forget it. Lie still, and you will soon be yourself again." She sat down by a table and took up a book. "I will sit here and read while you recover your strength."

She read for perhaps half an hour. I supposed she was interested in the book, for she turned one page after another and seemed to have forgotten me. At last she put down the volume, and by her first words convinced me that instead of being interested in it she had been thinking of my puzzling identity.

"I want to ask you one question."

"Ask it."

"Where did you come from the day the shooting occurred?"

"Huntsville."

She had asked the one question and had received her reply. I knew by her expression that she wanted to ask another.

"I suppose you were there long enough to become acquainted with the city. It's a beautiful place."

"I was there a week."

The limit of one question having been overstepped in this indirect fashion, it was easier for her to proceed.

"What were you doing there?"

"Looking for some one."

"A man?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

I did not reply at once. I was thinking of some plan by which to put an end to her questioning.

"If I tell you," I said presently, "will you promise to ask me no more questions?"

"If you prefer that I should not."

"You wish to know why I was seeking my man at Huntsville?"

"I do."

"You will keep what I tell you a secret?"

"Yes."

"To kill him."

CHAPTER IV.  
WON OVER.

LITTLE BUCK had stood my test as to his reticence so well and I was at such desperate straits for a messenger that I resolved to use him. After breakfast I waited for awhile, hoping that he would come to my room, but as he did not I feared he was deterred by the amercement Lib called Jackson and told him to tell the boy I wished to see him. I took a Confederate bill from my pocket and handed it to the darky, but he went off grumbling that he didn't want no Yankee money, and wasn't wouldn't had no nigger of his'n takin money from a stranger nether. He sent Buck to me, who came in looking somewhat astonished that I should take sufficient interest in him to call for him.

"Buck," I said, "I have something important to say to you."

"What is it, Mr. Brandystone?"

"Brandystone. Please don't make that mistake again."

"I won't, sho."

"Buck, I'm thinking of sending you on an errand, but it's a great secret."

The boy's eyes grew as big as saucers. I looked at him for a few moments to observe the effect of my announcement and then went on:

"If you should tell any one, it might cost me my life. You wouldn't tell, would you?"

"Tell! Why, sooner 'n tell I'd 'd—"

He had a—a—dead rat out in the back yard."

"I believe I'll trust you. Do you know the road to Huntsville?"

"I reckon so. I've been over it more'n a hundred times."

"Get a pony?"

"Yes; Pore. He'll drive him in the mornin'. She calls him Bern, but he isn't. He's mine. I got a big dog too."

"Never mind the dog. Could you get out your pony and ride into Huntsville?"

"What are you thinking about?" I asked, going at the subject with brusque directness.

"The man you came to Alabama to kill."

"You would shield him?"

She kept her eyes on the road, watching a wagon that lumbered by. "I don't know whether I would or not."

"You want to know all about him?"

"I do."

"In the first place you would like his name?"

"It might be well to begin with that."

"Then I can't begin, for I don't know his name."

"Not know his name?"

"No."

"What is he like?"

"Tall, well built; square shoulders, which he throws back like an officer in the regular army of the United States."

I paused. She waited for me to continue.

"You would also like to know whether his death would benefit any one—a father, mother, sister, some woman who looks upon every word he says with awe, with her and dreams of him continually, when he is away?" I spoke the words softly. I was thinking of my loss.

"Yes, I would like to know that too."

"I can't say, yes. I have seen him only once and then at a distance."

"Does he wish to kill you?"

"No; I don't believe he is aware of my existence."

"Stagnant," she murmured thoughtfully. Then she turned and looked me in the face. "He has occasioned you some grief, so now, done you some mighty wrong?"

"You promised to ask me no more questions."

"I can't say, I'm sorry."

"No; I don't believe he is aware of my existence."

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## REMAIN AT WORK

reached. This action will close the steel plant here, throwing employment nearly 3000 unemployed men had the same count the Illinois Steel company as Chicago workers, who on Wednesday refused to listen to the word of Secretary Tighe.

Further Search Needed  
Providence, Aug. 15.—Miss Bonnie, who disappeared from with a considerable sum of money ago under peculiar states, has been heard from now, Scotland. The woman acquainted anyone of her. The police in many large New cities have been searching for



## WITHOUT DISSENT

## Fall River Textile Workers Will Resist a Cutdown

## Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 16.—The determination of the textile workers in the Fall River print cloth mills to strike if the attempt to cut wages about 11 percent is made was voted last night at the Textile council. The sentiment of the council was crystallized in a two-page, unanimously passed, and reprinted to each organization affiliated to resist an attempt to reduce wages, as the proposition now is "unbusinesslike and unjustifiable" in the present condition of the cotton manufacturing business; that it behooves every operative to resist the reduction to the fullest extent, the council believing it to be to their own good and for the good of their employers.

The council met in special session, and its action had been discussed, and everyone knew the feeling entertained by the members as individuals. The council is composed of three delegates from each textile union, or 16 members in all, representing all the mills in the print mills. The council has no power to order action, as it is purely an advisory body, but its suggestions have great weight with the unions.

**Police Officer Fatally Wounded.**  
Boston, Aug. 16.—Pelted with stones and clubs, his helmet broken and his face streaming with blood, Patrolman Maguire finally managed last night to find John Edwards in the patrol wagon after a desperate struggle with a mob of West End toughs. The riot took place when the patrolman was called to assist Edwards from a barroom. Striking to enter, Maguire was set upon by the crowd, who struck him in front and raked him from behind, but, undaunted, the patrolman finally managed to get inside and put the twisters on the prisoner. Maguire decided to go the man, and the battle began anew. Three times the crowd rushed upon him, and three times the plucky patrolman went down. His helmet was crushed into a shapeless mass, and his clothes were torn almost into ribbons. A fusillade of bricks then began. Repeatedly Maguire was struck about the head and face. The blood streamed down from his unwearying head, drenching his collar and coat, but through it all the plucky officer held his man until the changing gang announced the approach of the patrol wagon.

**Woman Battled With Thief.**  
Jewett City, Conn., Aug. 16.—A thief secured \$225 from the residence of William Gibson, a farmer, yesterday, entering while the members of the family were temporarily absent. Mrs. Gibson, returning, met the man in the doorway, and, after a plucky struggle, in which she was almost strangled, forced him to give up a watch which he had in his hand. The man then fled, and it was not until her husband arrived that Mrs. Gibson discovered the loss of the money.

**Pleasure Yacht Grounded.**  
Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 16.—Steam yacht Chelonia of the New York Yacht club, from Boston for Portsmouth, went aground on a sand bank off the coast of Kye, N. H., in a thick fog. There were 30 persons on board, but there was no excitement among them. A life-saving crew remained alongside for nearly an hour, when the first attempt to back the yacht off proved successful, and she was again floated into deep water.

**Man May Result Fatally.**  
Lowell, Mass., Aug. 16.—John Dion was defeated in the ninth round of what was to have been a 10-round bout with Charlie Armstrong before the Kickapoo club last night. Dion was removed to St. John's hospital, where his condition is pronounced as critical. Desmond and Armstrong are charged with being principals in a prize fight, and the others with aiding and abetting.

**Going Out of Commission.**  
Newport, R. I., Aug. 16.—The time and future of the Lawson yacht Independence is still in doubt. If the craft is not invited to sail in the Larchmont and Seawanhaka club races, Captain Hall says she will be sent around the cape to Boston, there to remain in full sailing trim until the end of the month, at which time she will go out of commission.

**Caught in Canada.**  
Sawhig, Me., Aug. 16.—James Murphy and Fred Burke were committed to jail here last night by order of Trial Justice Whitney. The men were arrested by citizens of Jackman, Me., had pursued them many miles into Canada. The men are charged with the burglary of a store at Jackman.

**Copper Mines Change Hands.**  
Ellsworth, Me., Aug. 15.—A deal has just been closed by which all the copper mines in Blue Hill pass to the control of two New York syndicates. Preparations for working the mines actively has been commenced.

**Rayner Will Act For Sehtey.**  
Baltimore, Aug. 15.—Isidore Rayner, attorney general for Maryland, has been named as one of the attorneys for the Admiral Selby in the hearing before the court of inquiry.

**Stole Postoffice Funds.**  
Havana, Aug. 16.—E. P. Thompson, formerly postmaster at Havana, was yesterday found guilty of embezzling \$25,000 funds, and sentenced to six years imprisonment, or to a fine of \$25,000 as an alternative.

**Negro Burned For Assault.**  
Savannah, Ga., Aug. 12.—The negro who attempted an assault on the wife of a railroad section master, near Mrs. Station on July 26, was burned in a mob near the scene of his crime Saturday night.

**Nelson Beats McKeehorn.**  
Stratford, Mass., Aug. 16.—Johnny Nelson defeated Archie McKeehorn in a 15-mile motor paced race at the Coliseum last night, winning by eight laps. Time, 33:12 4-5. The Canadian seemed exhausted after the third mile.

## GROWS MORE SERIOUS

**Rebels Cause Sympathizers With Colombian Government to Suffer.**  
Coton, Colombia, Aug. 16.—Raiders continue almost daily or nightly along the railway line, owing to the entire absence of military protection. Last night Matachin was again raided, and cattle belonging to sympathizers with the government were stolen. Two women have been kidnapped at Gogona station, and the Chinese there were pillaged. On most occasions of this character the Chinese are the chief sufferers. Consequently they are daily transferring provisions and merchandise to Panama, thus intensifying want and suffering along the line.

Armed guards still accompany each passenger train. The presence of the French cruiser Buclat tends to add to the uneasiness, and the arrival of the United States gunboat Maclean is anxiously awaited.

Beyond the loss of dynamite and powder the railroad has sustained no injury, and traffic across the isthmus continues without interruption, although far fewer local passengers are now crossing.

The government is concentrating troops from the more remote provinces. Telegraphic communication with most points is interrupted. General Abian has not yet returned to Coton, but is expected at any moment with reinforcements. Troops continue to patrol both ends of the isthmus at night.

**May Be Needed at Isthmus.**  
Washington, Aug. 16.—The navy department has been informed of the arrival of the protected cruiser Philadelphia at San Francisco from Samoa. The arrival of the Philadelphia renders available another vessel for service at the Isthmus of Panama, in the event it is deemed necessary to make a naval demonstration there.

**All Ready For Business.**  
Norfolk, Aug. 16.—The gunboat Maclean left Norfolk for Coton this morning with a full complement of men and with plenty of supplies and ammunition.

**Buried Alive For a Week.**  
Boston, Aug. 12.—A negro, who was placed under hypnosis control a week ago, and buried in a grave dug in the basement of a theatre in this city, was restored to consciousness Saturday evening, after being exhumed. He awoke apparently in good health, but with an aching void in the region of the stomach from a six-days' fast. During the week the police tried to have the man exhumed, but the theatre proprietor declined to interfere, and the judge before whom the matter was brought took the case under advisement.

**Death Rather Than Jail Sentence.**  
Lowell, Mass., Aug. 11.—Katie Connors committed suicide by hanging in a cell in the police station in this city yesterday afternoon. In court she was charged with drunkenness and received a sentence of four months in jail. While waiting to be removed to the jail, she cut up her mattress and hanged herself to the door. She came to this city about a week ago. It is understood that her home was in Montpelier, Vt.

**Would Risk Life For Sentence.**  
Denver, Aug. 13.—In view of the interest taken in the question of whether or not animal tuberculosis can be communicated to human beings, T. L. Monson, state dairy commissioner of Colorado, has offered himself as a subject for a thorough test of the matter, provided a suitable annuity for his family shall be assured in case of fatal results. Mr. Monson is a strong believer in Dr. Koell's theory.

**Saloon Keepers Sued.**  
Bridgford, Me., Aug. 13.—Selma Bolsovert, wife of Arthur Bolsovert, yesterday brought suit in \$2300 against Joseph Petrin, Nelson Provencal and B. A. Knollson on the ground that they sold liquor to her husband, thus depriving her of his support, owing to intoxication. The trial is set for the September term of the supreme court.

**A Motor Funeral.**  
London, Aug. 16.—The first motor funeral on record occurred yesterday at Coventry, on the occasion of the interment of an old employee of one of the automobile companies. The hearse was a specially constructed six-horsepower car. All the three cars used were draped with black.

**He Looked Like Blondin.**  
Richfield Springs, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The arrival of Detective Rhoades from Boston entirely cleared one Max Miller of New York, who was held by Deputy Sheriff Towne as Blondin. Miller bears the closest resemblance to Blondin of any man yet suspected.

**Dinnick Under Heavy Bonds.**  
San Francisco, Aug. 12.—The bonds of Walter N. Dinnick, former chief clerk of the United States mint, who is under arrest charged with embezzling \$30,000, have been placed at \$57,000. He is in custody of the secret officers.

**Thirty-Day Fast Completed.**  
Farmington, Me., Aug. 15.—Fred H. Butterfield yesterday completed a 30-day fast, taking a little nourishment. He lost 33 pounds in weight, but his general health is good. His experiment was due to stomach trouble.

**Fought His Way Through Flames.**  
Brattleboro, Vt., Aug. 15.—Charles Bean, employed at the Brattleboro Gas Light company's plant, went into the inner section of the gas house to close the naphtha tank, after 6000 gallons of naphtha had been drawn from a tank car. On returning the outer room was ablaze, and he had to run through the flames. His clothing was burned off and his body was horribly burned. His condition is serious.

**Insanity Plea Disposed Of.**  
Portland, Me., Aug. 14.—The full bench of the state supreme court has handed down an opinion in the Bradford Knight murder case. The respondent was tried for the killing of Mamie Small at Gardiner, and convicted of murder in the first degree. Exceptions were taken on the ground of insanity. The opinion just rendered disposes of the plea and affirms the verdict.

## A SHARP CENSURE

## Evans Used Abusive Language Toward Chandler

## Showed Lack of Courtesy Which Should Characterize an Officer

Washington, Aug. 12.—The navy department has acted upon the complaint made by William B. Chandler against Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans. It has reprimanded the admiral, and the following letter has been addressed to him: "The Hon. William B. Chandler, president of the Spanish treaty claims commission, lately a senator of the United States, and formerly secretary of the navy, has complained to the department, as you are aware, of certain strictures upon himself in your book entitled 'A Sailor's Log.'"

"The strictures in question are in the nature of aspersions upon the official conduct of the then (1884) secretary of the navy. 'The text of your book is not necessary here to rectify. Nor it is needful to ask of you an explanation why you felt yourself justified in publishing what you have. It is obvious to any reader that you speak offensively of Secretary Chandler's action; that you impugn his motives and attack his integrity in respect to orders given you by the secretary in the discharge of duties of his office.

"You are informed that this deliberate publication of yours has justly incurred the displeasure of the department. For an officer thus to attack a former head of the navy department in case of orders given to him by that official, is to abandon the courtesy that should always characterize an officer of the United States navy. If tolerated, it would unquestionably prove subversive of discipline. It would tend to bring the office itself into disrepute. The act is the more reprehensible, in this instance, because of your long experience in the service.

"It has become my duty, therefore, to censure you for this breach of the obligation imposed upon you as a commissioned officer of the United States navy, which I accordingly do. 'A copy of this letter will be furnished to the Hon. William B. Chandler.' Former Secretary Chandler was notified of the action of the department in the following letter:

"Referring to recent correspondence upon the subject of alleged strictures made by Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans upon the conduct and motives of the secretary of the navy in 1881, published in his book entitled 'A Sailor's Log,' I have the honor to inform you that the department regards this action of Admiral Evans as deserving of reproof.

"Accordingly, the department has censured that officer, as will appear from a copy of a letter to him of this date, herewith enclosed. Admiral Evans has acknowledged under date of Aug. 10, 1901, his receipt of the letter of Acting Secretary Backett.

It is the understanding of the navy department that the action taken closes the incident. This is certainly so, so far as the department is concerned, and if anything further is done it will have to be on the initiative of Admiral Evans, in asking for a court of inquiry, or of Mr. Chandler. The right of the navy department to administer a reprimand without waiting for the finding of a court has been in question at times, but it is said the precedents leave no doubt that this right exists.

**Chandler's Story in Boston.**  
Boston, Aug. 12.—Now that the action of the navy department in the Chandler-Evans controversy has been made public, Mr. Chandler has given out a copy of his letter, under date of July 15, calling the navy department's attention to Rear Admiral Evans' statements in his book. The letter is of considerable length, and Mr. Chandler gives in detail an explanation of many things criticized by Evans, after calling the department's attention to the alleged inaccuracies. The letter concludes as follows:

"When I examine the aforesaid book, 'A Sailor's Log,' my pride in the glory which came to my country through the naval victories of the war with Spain is unbounded, and when I read his frank admissions that he, almost alone, in 1892, changed our naval construction from wooden to steel ships, and thus originated our new navy; in December, 1897, induced Assistant Secretary Roosevelt to prepare the navy for the approaching storm of war; in 1898 persuaded him, with Mr. Roosevelt's assistance, to provide our fleet in Cuban waters with torpedo boats, destroyers and guard boats; and, above all, on July 3, 1898, commanded the battleship Iowa, discovered Currier's fleet coming out of Santiago harbor and destroyed it, I feel that liberal allowances should be made by all true Americans for any mistakes in the smaller transactions of life which may be made by our greatest self-confessed and self-recorded naval hero of the war of 1898."

**Mrs. Nation Sued For Divorce.**  
Medicine Lodge, Kan., Aug. 10.—David Nation, through his attorney, yesterday brought suit for a divorce from his wife, Mrs. Carrie Nation, the temperance crusader. The petitioner, who is now visiting in Iberia, O., alleges that his wife held him up to public ridicule, neglected her family duties and abandoned his home.

**Royal Match Not Unlikely.**  
London, Aug. 16.—Although it is understood that the arrival of Frederick William, the German crown prince, in England today is the fulfillment of a long-delayed promise, the rumor is revived that it is in connection with a matrimonial suit for the hand of one of the daughters of the Duke of Connaught.

**Serious Results of Collision.**  
Boston, Aug. 15.—In consequence of a rear-end collision between construction and passenger cars at Canton last night, Cornelius Quill, motorman of the construction car, was brought to a hospital here with both legs broken, and Perry Strong, his assistant, has one leg broken and his left heel severed. Three passengers were slightly injured.

## CUP GOES TO CANADA

American Sailors Outraged by the Men Handling the Invader

Chicago, Aug. 16.—The Canadian yacht invader won again yesterday in a grand race, and the Canada's cup goes back across the border. Captain Thompson and the crew of the defeated Cadillac are crestfallen at the result of the international sailing match. They were beaten at all points of the game by the more skillful Canadians.

Both the Chicago and Columbia Yacht clubs challenged immediately for the cup. The Rochester Yacht club also challenged, and so did two Detroit yacht clubs.

That Captain Jarvis and his skilled and well-trained crew deserve credit for the credit for the invader's success is the almost unanimous opinion of experienced yachtsmen. Those who have held that a Hanley centerboard is invaluable in the 25-foot class found it hard to acknowledge that the creation of the Massachusetts designer and builder is inferior to a fin keel boat—an English cutter drawn by an English designer—and they give Captain Jarvis and his men all the credit.

**Receiver For Phillips Company.**  
Chicago, Aug. 16.—Under proceedings in voluntary bankruptcy, the Chicago Title and Trust company was last night



GEORGE H. PHILLIPS.

appointed temporary receiver for the George H. Phillips Grain company. Mr. Phillips will not oppose the receivership.

## A Custard Pie Society

Norway, Me., Aug. 14.—The Hartford Custard Pie association, of which John D. Long is a member, had its picnic and pie spread at Swan lake yesterday. The secretary of the navy was to have occupied the seat of honor at the table on which the work of art was a grant cluster of custard pies, but he was not present. There were enough of these pies to supply the full appetite of 100 picnicians, who had come to the town for old home week, or to take their customary outing with the association.

**Alleged Assault With Bottle.**  
Boston, Aug. 14.—Mrs. Elizabeth McCarthy is at the city hospital suffering from a compound fracture of the skull, caused, it is alleged, by a whiskey bottle in the hands of her husband, Joseph McCarthy. She is under arrest, charged with assault and battery, but judging from the woman's critical condition he will have to answer to a more serious charge. The couple lived at 31 Edensboro street, and it is said that quarrels have been frequent between them.



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